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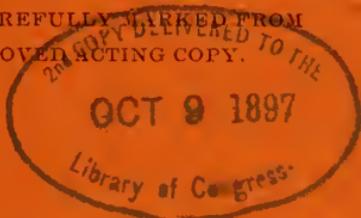
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Among the  
Moon-shiners.

( DRAMA )

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,  
DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND THE WHOLE OF THE  
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Among the Moon-  
shiners;  
—OR—  
A Drunkard's Legacy.

A TEMPERANCE DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS,

—BY—

**B. G. McFall.**

*Author of "Joshua Blodgett."*

—O—

50563-c<sup>22</sup>

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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AMONG THE MOONSHINERS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JOE CASE,..... *A drunkard.*  
 WM. MOSBY,..... *Proprietor of "Golden Cafe," a moonshiner.*  
 JIM MOSBY,..... *His son.*  
 MESSENGER,  
 WALTHAMRE FELANDER SNUFF, } ..... *The book agent.*  
 OL' WILLIAM,  
 J. CADWELL DUSTY RHODES, }  
 SEYMOUR CAHOON, } ..... *Gambler.*  
 DREINER, } ..... *Dutchman.*  
 SI JENKINS,..... *Moonshiner.*  
 MARY CASE,..... *Joe's wife.*  
 SARAH CASE,..... *Their daughter.*

DETECTIVES, ETC.

—X—

COSTUMES.

SEYMOUR CAHOON.—Flashy, loud suit, black beard.

JIM MOSBY.—Flashy, loud suit, mustache. Act 2nd. Clothes torn and dirty. Scene 3rd. Flashy suit.

WM. MOSBY.—No coat; an apron on. Act 2nd. Business suit, coat and hat.

JOE CASE.—Clothes torn and ill fitting. Act 3rd. Neat suit.

W. SNUFF.—Short coat and trousers, battered hat, etc., long sideburns. Act 2nd. Clothes ragged and dusty; black stubby beard. Tomato can hanging at side. Act 3rd. Same as Act 1st.

DREINER.—Dutch suit, rather loud.

OL' WILLIAMS.—Heavy gray beard and hair; farmer style.

SI JENKINS.—Rough working suit, revolver in belt, black beard.

RHODES.—Working suit; whiskers, etc.

DETECTIVE.—Neat suit, black or blue.

MRS. CASE.—Dress faded and ragged; shawl. Act 3rd. Neat dress.

SARAH.—Neat dress.

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING—1 hour and 30 minutes.

—X—

PROPERTIES.

Table and chairs, cards, bar, bills, letter, cigars, bottles, glasses, etc.; revolvers, large book, long table cloth, stove or fireplace, old chairs, pen and ink, extra aces in deck of cards, pails, lantern, whistles, etc., revolvers, empty tomato can, old musket and bandage for Sarah.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; c., Center; s. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

\*\*\* The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

# AMONG THE MOONSHINERS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A bar-room—JIM MOSBY and SEYMOUR CAHOON playing cards at table at R. C., WM. MOSBY watches game—bar in last grooves.

*Jim.* (throwing down last card and drawing in money, which is on the table) Ha, ha! Cahoon, that's the time you lost. I knew I would capture that pedro after you took the six spot with your queen.

*Sey.* (carelessly, smoking, blowing rings into the air) All right Jim, deal them up or, yes I'll cut them. (cuts cards) Let them fly. There's my stuff. (lays bills on table) Cover it Jim.

*Jim.* (dealing cards) Bring a couple of whiskies, dad; I'm dryer than a salt mackerel. (picking up cards, puts up money) There is my stake. (they arrange the cards in hands, WM. MOSBY goes for drinks

*Sey.* I'll give two, auction bid.

*Jim.* Three!

*Sey.* Five!

*Jim.* I call. What's trump?

*Sey.* Five on hearts. Hearts are trump. (WM. MOSBY brings drinks) Here's to success.

*Jim.* And here too.

*Wm.* And the devil take care of his own, eh! boys?

(watches game

*Jim.* } You bet!  
*Sey.* } (discard and carry game through

Enter, JOE CASE, R., 1 E., unsteadily to c.

*Joe.* (muttering) Bet-betting, always betting, enthused by the cursed liquor they get. (to MOSBY) Hullo! Mosby.

*Wm.* (irritated) Joe Case, you here? Didn't I tell you last night not to enter this shop again for a week? Say!

*Joe.* Oh! you needn't get so almighty particular (hic) Wil Mosby. Just because I didn't have any money last night, and because no stranger was here to—er—t—treat, you turned me out. Here's money, give me a drink.

(goes to bar with money  
*Wm.* I suppose you've been to Cartlet's again. What'll you

have?

(*goes back of bar*)

Joe. Yes, old Cartlet got my last, or rather my wife's last book this morning. It was her father's wedding present, and she kicked like a mooley steer. Give me some whiskey.

Wm. (*pouring in glass*) Here you are. How much did old Cartlet put up?

Joe. I made him pull out a dollar for it. You see, Mosby, it was sort of precious to Mary, my wife, but everything else had gone, and so it had to go. Oh! the curse of drink; the body, heart, reason, strength, all goes to satisfy this beastly habit. Down she goes.

(*drinks*)

Wm. Ha! ha! you're always getting sentimental, Joe. Have some more?

Joe. Yes, more. (*hic*)

Wm. (*fills his glass*) I say, Joe—

Jim. (*springing up*) Ha, ha! done again, Cahoon. Pedro, jack and low to your high pedro. Seven to six, and the stakes are mine, ha, ha! Drinks, dad.

Seq. A good play you made. I'll double stakes and play you once more; is it a go?

Jim. Yes, deal 'em up.

(*seats*)

Wm. (*brings drinks, while JOE takes stool L. C.*) Did he beat you again, Cahoon?

Seq. Yes.

(*shuffles cards—carry game through—knock R., 1 E.*)

Wm. (*surprised*) Hullo! it must be someone not acquainted around these parts, when they stop to knock at William Mosby's Golden Cafe.

(*goes to door*)

*Enter, MESSENGER, R., 1 E.*

Messenger. I am in search of a person by the name of Joseph Case. I inquired for him and was directed here. Can you inform me as to his whereabouts?

Joe. (*stupidly muttering*) Coarse ize wherez abouts. Ezerbody (*hic*) knows Josie Case. Gim'me drink, (*hic*.)

Wm. Is the finding of him of very great importance, sir?

Mes. It is. I have an important message for him. A letter in fact.

Joe. (*muttering*) Lezzer go zaliger.

(*falls off stool in a drunken sleep*)

Wm. Well, here my man is the Joseph Case you are in search of.

(*crosses to L., followed by the POSTMAN—kicks stool aside*)

Mes. Him? Why he's drunker than a Lord.

Wm. Ha, ha! That's nothing—Joe drunk. Well, well. Ha, ha, ha! Drunk, why stranger, that soak hasn't drawn a sober breath in five years. Ha, ha, ha!

Mes. Well, sir! I'm sorry for him. My time in this place is limited. The fact is, stranger, I was sent down here from New York with this message (*shows letter*) and must go on the next train through to San Francisco. Would it be too much trouble for you to take charge of this until he (*pointing to JOE*) is able to receive it? Here's a dollar.

(*passes it*)

Wm. Not at all, sir! not at all.

Mes. (*giving him letter*) I am very thankful to you, sir! Remember it is of vast importance. Good-day, sir!

(*exit, R., 1 E.*)

Wm. (*going to L. C., aside*) Hump! I wonder what there is in it. Old Joe Case has lived here close onto twenty-five years, and I believe he never got a letter before. I'm curious. (JIM and SEYMOUR close their games) Hullo! the boys have finished, I'll tend to the letter later. (*goes to bar*) Well, who came out second best this time, boys?

Jim. (*angrily*) I did, curse the luck.

Sey. Oh! don't get angry, Mosby, it's all in the game. One of us must get beaten.

Jim. I believe you cheated.

Sey. What! (*moving hand toward hip pocket*)

Jim. I say you cheated.

Sey. (*angrily*) Jim Mosby, you are a liar.

Jim. (*springing at SEYMOUR*) Take that back, or I'll strangle you! (WM. rushes around back of SEYMOUR)

Sey. (*drawing revolver*) Back, sir! you called me a thief and I called you a liar. Jim Mosby, you are both, for I detected your deception in the second game. This game I watched you too closely to allow your underhand work, and hence fairly beat you, and in doubling our stakes, come out ahead in the game. Now sir—

(WM. springs upon SEYMOUR'S back, the pistol discharges in the air)

Wm. Give back the money.

Sey. Never! Let go of me! Help!

JOE rises and staggers toward them, grasping a bottle from the bar—JIM is about to strike SEYMOUR with a chair, when JOE lunges forward and falls over him with the bottle—a struggle ensues between SEYMOUR and WM., both rolling towards C.—WM. grasps bottle JOE has dropped and is about to hit SEYMOUR, when WALTIMORE SNUFF rushes in R., I. E., and hits him on the head with a large book—WM. falls.

Snuff. How are ye gentlemen? Your kantankerous disagreements seem to be kinder on the decline.

Joe. (*sitting up, mumbles*) Hulloz zar, who's zou, feller?

Snuff. Me, gentleman? I'm Waltimore Felander Snuff, Snuffville, Connecticut; agent for Burnes & Co., latest production entitled, "Jimmie Jones among the Mormans, or a Detective's search for a Wife,"—(*sits on stool, SEYMOUR and WM. rise and rush at him, but he has drawn two revolvers—the book is open on his lap*) I respectfully solicit your subscriptions at five dollars per copy, gentlemen.

### CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—Ante-room of the Golden Cafe—door set in R., back E.—table at L. C., with chairs—WM. MOSBY seated, smoking—bottles and glasses on table, which is covered with long cloth.

Wm. Well, here's another day gone to the devil. Business getting worse every day and ruination staring me in the face. That meddling book-agent roped us in for five dollars each last night; not because we wanted to but because we had too. I'd have the scoundrel arrested if it wasn't for the row Jim and Cahoon got into. Old Joe escaped the paying of the five, simply because he didn't have it. Poor old sinner—by the way, I have a letter to deliver to him. Let me see, where did I put it? (*searches*) Oh! yes, I threw it into the cash drawer just before the fight last night. Joe was too drunk to

receive it. The messenger said it was very important—say, by jingo, why not investigate? I will sure as shooting. *(exit, R. E.)*

*Enter, WALTIMORE SNUFF, R., I E., cautiously.*

*Snuff.* Well, I'll be blowed if here ain't a branch of the she-baug I was into last night, and by prompt attention to business, took in three fivers. Fifteen plunks. Whoop la—*(sees bottle on table)* Hullo! I wonder if I was expected? Must be, sartin sure. *(inspects and helps himself)* Yum! yum! first-class; have another, Mr. Snuff. Thanks, don't care if I do. *(drinks)* Hullo! somebody comes. Hide Snuffy, hide. *(crawls under table)*

*Enter, WM. MOSBY, R. U. E., with letter.*

*(aside)* Hanged, if it ain't the old Billy Williams himself.

*Wm.* *(laying cigar on table edge)* Yes. *(examining letter)* I knew where it was. It's marked important too. I'll just open it and then if it isn't important to me, I'll give it to the old man. *(opens letter and reads, SNUFF takes cigar off table)* Important? Well, I should remark! Jim must hear of this and at once to. A fortune for us if we play it O. K., and I'll gamble we don't loose—*(takes bottle off table)* Hullo! I thought I ordered a bottle of Old Port sent to this room. Confound the luck; this comes of hiring cheap waiters—*(thumps table with bottle, calls)* Dreines! *(sits L. of table)*

*Dreines.* *(outside)* Vot it vas?

*Wm.* Come here!

*Drein.* Vot you vants? Dunder and blixin, you vas tol—

*Wm.* *(angrily)* Shut up you fool! Come here. This dunce came along this morning and wanted a job. I hired him for his board and lodging, and a devil of a poor bargain I've made.

*Enter, DREINES, L. E.*

Oh! you've come at last, have you? Why in thunder didn't you bring a full bottle of whiskey in here *(shows bottle)* when I ordered it?

*Drein.* *(amazed)* Dunder and blixin! dot vos von full pottle ven I vas prought it in, sure as vos von chimney christmas. Dunder and—

*Wm.* Thunder and nothing, you fool, can't you see it's empty?

*Drein.* *(examining)* It vas, as sure as noddings. You must of been as dry as niver vos before; it vos trunked up like ther tivel. Dunder and—

*Wm.* Shut up! Do you suppose I would have raised all this row, if I had drank the whiskey? Get out now and bring in another bottle, understand?

*Drein.*— As sur' as dunder and—

*Wm.* And say Duthey, if you see Jim out there, send him in.

*Drein.* Yaw. Dunder—

*Wm.* Shut up you dunder and blixins.

*Drein.* *(going)* Yaw. Donder and blixin, you vos as funny as niver vos befor'. *(exit, R. E.)*

*Wm.* Hang the bothering Dutchman. He's more bother than he's worth. I shall—

*Enter, JIM, R. E., with bottle.*

*Jim.* Hullo! dad. Dutchey told me you wanted to see me, also sent in this bottle. Your order I suppose?

*Wm.* (*taking bottle*) Yes, the fool brought in an empty bottle before, or else drank the whiskey himself.

*Jim.* No doubt the latter. Have you seen Cahoon or that blasted book agent to-day?

*Wm.* No; I would like to take five dollars worth out of his miserable hide.

*Jim.* Ha, ha! I'm afraid you'd take the whole carcass at that price.

*Wm.* No doubt. If I'd had my revolver handy, it would have been somewhat different. (*SNUFF glances out*)

*Jim.* So you say, dad, but what have you on hand now, that makes my presence so necessary? I had a game of seven up arranged with Mahoony for this afternoon.

*Wm.* Be seated Jim. You remember that messenger who came into the bar-room yesterday? He was from New York, and on his way through to San Francisco, on important business. He stopped off here to deliver this letter to Joe Case, but as Joe was drunk, he left it for me to deliver as soon as Joe was able to receive it. After the time we had last night, during the excitement, etc., and as Joe was thrown out dead drunk, it was impossible to deliver it to him, so here it is. As it was marked important, I took the liberty of opening it. Say, Jim, it's the greatest snap we ever struck. Our fortunes are made, if we carry out my schemes all right.

(*SNUFF is much interested*)

*Jim.* (*interested*) What's the game, dad?

*Wm.* Come here. (*both walk down c.*) Say, Jim. (*half whisper*) Joe Case is heir to a fortune of \$500,000. The lawyers in charge of it, have never seen him, and he knows nothing of it. How does that strike you, eh?

*Jim.* (*gives a long whistle*) Gee whiz! dad; it's a big thing, but what's your scheme?

*Wm.* How am I going to work it, eh?

*Jim.* Yes.

*Wm.* This is my scheme; listen and I'll read it to you. It will be necessary to go to New York as the letter states. Listen. (*reads*) "New York City, Sept. 1st. JOSEPH CASE, ESQ.: My Dear Sir—We beg to inform you that your father, Rufus Case, died on the 20th inst, at his home in London, England. By his will, sent to us for execution by our partners in London, he leaves to you the sum of five hundred thousand dollars. Further particulars will be given to you upon your arrival. You are to bring this message signed with your full name. Our special messenger delivers this to you, and an immediate reply is requested. Very truly yours, BROWN, CLARK & Co., Attorneys-at-Law."

*Jim.* Say, dad, we're strictly in it, if we play our cards all right.

*Wm.* What do you think of it now, Jim?

*Jim.* It's immense. What's the scheme you have in mind?

*Wm.* This, Jim; that you are to impersonate Joseph Case, go to New York City, present yourself to those lawyers, get the \$500,000, come back here and divy. How's that?

*Jim.* (*scratching head*) Well, dad, that's like one horse pulling the whole load, don't you think?

*Wm.* Where's the load, Jim? Ha, ha, ha!

*Jim.* Yes, that's so, where's the load? But say, dad, how are we going to get old Joe's autograph at the botton of that thing, eh?

*Wm.* Easy enough. Get him full, not too drunk, but just enough to make him accomodating, ask him to sign and he, not suspecting anything, will do it. Why, it's just as smooth a plan and just as sure, as though we had the money in our hands right now.

*Jim.* Don't measure your corn before you get it, dad. Let's be seated and arrange the plan. (*take seats occupied first*)

*Wm.* To-night Jim, you meet Joe, treat him generously and I'll pass the letter to you and you have him sign it. Then we'll get him dead drunk, throw him out and the boodle is ours.

*Jim.* That's a great scheme, but suppose they ask me to write, up there, eh?

*Wm.* Ha, ha, ha! easy, easy, Jim. A sore thumb will suffice.

*Jim.* Capital! Have a cigar, dad? (*extends case*)

*Wm.* Yes—or, by the way, I had one when I came in, and laid it here on the table, (*looks*) it must have —

*Jim.* The Dutchman, dad. Ha, ha!

*Wm.* That's so, the thief, he'll ruin me. (*takes cigar*)

*Jim.* Well, well! what care we for expenses. Soon we'll be in the city with a half million in the bank?

*Wm.* It isn't there yet.

*Jim.* Only a question of time, dad, only a question of time. (*drinks, rising*) I'm going down street. I had a game arranged for this afternoon, but I am too excited now to handle the pasteboards. Going out?

*Wm.* (*rising*) Yes, I'll see how that blasted Dutchman is tending to things at the bar out there. (*exeunt, R. E.*)

*Snuff.* (*crawls out from under table, stretches himself, examines bottle*) Whew! pretty low spirits. (*holds bottle to light and measures low down on it*) And still sinkin' b'gosh! (*up c., drinks*) Great goshin', I feel like a billy-goat what's just swallowed a dynamite bomb—just pretty liable to go off at any minute. Whoop! (*dances*) I'm just as young as I use to be. Them two schemers just struck a snap sure's shootin'. (*opens his book, writes*) First explosion at bar-room this eve., all are requested to be present, Walthmore Snuff included.

*Noise back of door, R.—door thrown open and DREINES comes tumbling through, sits C.*

*Wm.* (*from outside*) Get out you blundering, thieving Dutchman. Skip! (*bottle flies past, crashes at L.*)

*Drein.* Dunder and blixins, vot you dinks I vos, a fool? Geed out, vell didn't I so quick as niver vos? Oxcuse me mine tear sir! I vos gone so quick. (*sees SNUFF*) Vot; donder and blixin, who the tivel vos you mid yourself?

*SNUFF springs forward, astrides DREINER'S back, throws his book open before him on the floor, points a pistol at his head.*

*Snuff.* Who am I, eh? I am Walthmore Felander Snuff, Snuffville, Connecticut, agent for Barnes & Co., latest production entitled,

“Jimmie Jones Among the Mormons, or a Detective’s search for a Wife” and—(DREINER throws SNUFF forward, but he is on his hands and knees in front of him, with revolver pointing into DREINER’s face) I respectfully solicit your subscription at five dollars per copy, Dutchy.

## CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Home of JOE CASE—old stove or fire-place at R., back; rickety chairs at L. and R. of old table, L. C.; window set L., 2 E.—JOE lying on lounge at back; MRS. CASE sitting in chair by him.

Mrs. C. (trying to awaken him) Joe, Joe; do wake up, speak to me. (aside) Oh! heaven, how long is this to continue? (aloud) Joe, my husband, speak!

Joe. (thickly) What you want, hey?

Mrs. C. Arouse yourself; don’t sleep longer, Joe.

Joe Go on, I’m tired.

(turns over, faces front)

Mrs. C. (rising) Poor Joe, since he was kicked out of William Mosby’s vile saloon last night, he has lain here. (down c.) Why did I leave my home; why have I been made the wife of a drunkard, why—but there, I must not complain. It was my choice and I—I loved him, my poor noble Joe, he was good to me, he is good to me now when he is not under the influence of liquor. Oh! Joe, (going to him) Joe, awaken, say that you have not forgotten me, Mary, your wife.

Joe. (struggling to rise) Forgotten you, Mary; no, gim’me a drink.

Mrs. C. (assisting him) A drink. We have nothing but God’s free beverage here, my husband. Do you wish a drink of water?

Joe. (going to table R., chair) Water, ha, ha, ha! Joe Case drinking water; not when there’s pure old rye. Where’s Sarah?

Mrs. C. (tearfully) Sarah has not arrived yet, Joe. She was going to see the grocer at the corner and try to sell some chestnuts, which she gathered this forenoon. We have nothing to eat in the house, and she thought perhaps the groceryman would accept the nuts in exchange for something for us to eat.

Joe Eat! haven’t nothing to eat. Humph! mighty poor you be.

Mrs. C. Oh! Joe, how can you make such remarks? Look at my clothes, ragged and torn, and our last crust you ate yesterday before you went away, taking (sobbing) my dear father’s wedding gift. It is now in Cartlet’s pawshop; gone to satisfy your craving for drink. What shall I do?

Joe. What will you do? Humph! One would think you was the most miserable critter in the world. Look at old mother Blake up the real; she can go out and make money; takes in washing and works, just as women ought to do. Gim’me a drink.

Mrs. C. (goes to R., 2 E., slowly, turns) Oh! Joe, I cannot stand this much longer. We have nothing—

Joe. (angrily) Get me a drink, do ye hear?

Mrs. C. God in Heaven grant that this pure beverage will satisfy his craving. (brings glass of water) Here Joe, it is the best we have.

Joe. (taking glass) Water. (disgusted) Bah! take it. (throws it in

her face) Water for Joe Case! Ha, ha, ha! (MRS CASE *reels to L., front of window*) Take your beautiful glass too. (*rises, hurls it at her, but she falls fainting, the glass crashes through the window—a shrill scream from outside*) Here's a devil of a scrape your in, Joe Case. You'd better get. (*goes to MRS. CASE*) Fainted a little bit. Jingo, I wonder where she got that shawl. (*seizes it from her shoulders*) That'll buy a swaller or two. (*to R., 1 E.*) Just another swig. One more time at Mosby's, ha, ha, ha! (*exit, R., 1 E., staggering*)

Mrs. C. (*reviving, dreamily*) Don't Joe; don't hit me please. (*starting*) Heavens! I thought he was here. What has happened? (*reflecting*) Ah! yes, I remember he threw the glass at me and it went through this window. Another escape from satin's influence. My shawl—(*pause*) gone to satisfy the thirst of my husband, to swell the money box of the saloon keeper and ruin a soul. My mother's shawl. (*startled*) I thought I heard a scream as that glass went through the window. (*goes to window and looks out*) Oh! heaven, my daughter, my Sarah! Who is that stranger carrying her up the stairs? What means that blood? Dead or dying; Father forbid—

*Enter, SNUFF, L., 1 E., dressed as an old man, gray beard and wig, carrying SARAH.*

Snuff. Pardon me, madam, as I was about to ascend those stairs, I found this child lying at the bottom.

Mrs. C. (*springing forward*) Sarah, Sarah! speak to me! Oh, sir! is she dead?? (*taking her from him*)

Snuff. No madam, she is not dead, only hurt. It is nothing dangerous, but a scalp wound, and will be all right shortly, I think.

Mrs. C. (*wiping SARAH'S face, sits R. of table*) Oh! how kind you are, sir! how can I ever thank you? My poor darling Sarah. Will you please bring some water from that pail? (*points R., 2 E.*)

Snuff. (*bringing water*) Is this not the home of Joseph Case, madam?

Mrs. C. (*taking water, bathes SARAH'S face*) I am sorry to acknowledge it is, sir! An unhappy home.

Snuff. You are Mrs. Case?

Mrs. C. I am, sir!

Snuff. Than cheer up madam, for there is a brighter future in store for you.

Mrs. C. (*startled*) For me! who are you that you bring such news? But excuse me, my daughter needs my attention. I shall take her to her room and return as soon as I can leave her alone. You may remain or call again, as you wish.

(*exit, R. U. E. with SARAH*)

Snuff. Very well, madam, I shall remain. (*aside*) And so this is the home of Joseph Case, is it? Barren and desolate, but neat and clean. A thrifty wife, a disreputable husband; she, educated, sensitive and forgiving, he ignorant, corrupt and brutal; truly the saying that love conquers all things, is fully illustrated in this home, but the love seems to be somewhat one sided. (*knock*) Hullo! someone knocking. Well, I'm deaf. (*pause*) Deef, 'korse old uncle William's deaf. (*knock louder—calls*) Come in! Consarn it, what yeou standin' eout ther fer?

Enter, JIM MOSBY, L., I E.

*Jim. (aside)* The devil! What old fool is this? *(aloud)* How do you do?

*Snuff.* Eh?

*Jim. (louder)* How do you do?

*Snuff.* Naw, I deon't chew. It's kinder bad ter deo so, tew. Samantha 'Thompson, up teo Turk's Run Holler, cousin teo Seth Johnson's wife's sister, sed as heow she read about heow it killed a feller eout in Idaho, an' arter that I swared off.

*Jim. (aside)* This old fool must be deaf. *(aloud)* I say, sir! who are you?

*Snuff.* Eh? You are teo. Waul, waul, that's a good boy, goin' teo swar' off teo, eh?

*Jim.* Swear off, be hanged. I say *(loud)* who are you, what's your name, where do you hail from, where—

*Snuff.* Say, young man, yeou musn't confusticate me with 'er photograph—'er, 'er—I mean a telephone.

*Jim. (loud)* You mean a phonograph, you fool.

*Snuff.* Yes, that's ther tool; I knowd that thar was a graph er a phone on it somewhar. Course it's a telegraph. Didn't my mother's sister's secon' cousin, James Joshua Sincopher see Georgie Washington when he was makin' the consarn thing'?

*Jim. (aside)* The fool. *(aloud, sarcastically)* Undoubtedly. *(sits L. of table)* Where's Mr. Joseph Case?

*Snuff. (sits R. of table)* Naw, he wasn't no hard case. Georgie Washington is ther man who niver in his 'hul life told a lie. John A Smith, cousin teo Phebie Smith, up teo Turk's Run Holler, sed 'twas so.

*Jim. (louder)* Is Mr. Joseph Case here? *(aside)* This must be a relation.

*Snuff.* Eh? Oh, it's Joe yeou want? No, he wint deown teo that ol' skunk of a Mosby's.

*Jim. (indignantly)* Sir! Mosby's my father.

*Snuff.* Naw, he didn't go no farther. That ol' bum ov' a Mosby just keeps him so darned drunk. he don't care a cuss how things ar' runnin'.

*Jim. (aside)* Confound the blockhead. *(aloud, angrily)* I say, sir! that man is my father.

*Snuff.* What! Joe Case yeour father? 'Er yeou a progidal son? If yeou be, yeou're gist in time teo rescue your poor ol' father from ol' Mosby's horrible den, b'gosh.

*Jim.* Joe Case be hanged; I say Wm. Mosby is my father. You had better stop slandering him, see?

*Snuff.* Oh! you're bin teo sea, eh? Why, yeou don't look like a sea-farer; be hanged if yeou deo.

*Jim. (aside)* This is tiresome. The old blockhead is as deaf as an adder. *(rises, aloud)* Say, where's Mrs. Joseph Case?

*(walks towards front, C. to L.)*

*Snuff.* Oh! you want Mrs. Case, deo yeou? Wall, she'll be here in er minit er teo. I believe I shall geo deown ther street fer er while, go 'long?

*(rises, goes R.)*

*Jim. (without turning)* No, I choose my own company.

*Snuff.* Goin' teo loose good company, eh? Yeou bet yeou be if

yeou don't cum'. Eliza Sarah Perkin, sister teo Maria Eloise Perkins, up teo Turk's Run Holler, sed, er use teo say, I was ther best company she ever had, if I deo say it.

*Jim.* (*turns savagely*) Sir! I said I choose my own company.

*Snuff.* (*imitated surprise*) Oh, ho! yeou did, eh? Waul so deo I, b'gosh.

(*exit, R., 1 E., hurriedly*)

*Jim.* Thank heaven, the blundering old fool is gone; it's a poor room that wouldn't be better than his company, and—(*looking about*) this one is surely preferable. (*walks R. to L.*) I must see Mrs. Cas and get her out of the country, at least for a time, until father and I can get Joe to sign that paper. (*pauses L., thinking*) Yes, yes; I just—

*Enter. MRS. CASE, R., 2 E., comes quietly behind, interrupts.*

*Mrs. C.* Now sir! I am ready to listen to your proposition—(*recognizes JIM as he turns*) What! you here; Jim Mosby, was it you that came in here disguised, to propose some vile scheme?

*Jim.* Ah! Mrs. Case, pardon me, I take from your talk, that you have me confounded with that deaf old fool—er, I mean gentleman, who was here when I came in, but left a moment ago. (*aside*) Hang him.

(*walks R.*)

*Mrs. C.* (*bewildered*) Deaf—old—gentleman. Ah! you mean—(*aside*) Perhaps the deafness was put on for a purpose, I shall be careful—(*aloud*) Yes, yes, where did he go, sir?

*Jim.* (*turning savagely*) I don't know.

*Mrs. C.* What is your business here, Jim Mosby?

*Jim.* Business, business; why er—you see Mrs Case, Joe—er—has been quite a good customer of ours.

*Mrs. C.* (*sarcastically*) Yes, here about you is the result of your honorable industry. In yonder room lies a little girl—our daughter—Joe's and mine—suffering from an action of your good customer.

*Jim.* Oh! you needn't get so mighty indignant about it. What's the matter with the kid?

*Mrs. C.* (*sharply*) Sir?

*Jim.* (*stepping back*) Er, I say, begging your pardon, I have come here with a proposition to you.

*Mrs. C.* A proposition? Pray, what may it be?

*Jim.* (*advancing*) How would you like to leave this place for a vacation, Mrs. Case?

*Mrs. C.* Oh! very much so, sir! but were tickets to Europe ten cents each, I would not have money enough to ride from the depot to the next station.

*Jim.* (*more confident*) Mrs. Case, are you willing to hear my proposition?

*Mrs. C.* Yes, yes; what is it?

*Jim.* I will furnish you money with which to make your trip.

*Mrs. C.* (*startled*) You!

*Jim.* Yes, me.

*Mrs. C.* (*drawing back*) Then you have some motive deeper than I can imagine, which prompts you to make such an extraordinary offer.

*Jim.* Do you accept, madam?

*Mrs. C.* (*sternly*) Accept, no! You are at liberty to leave, sir!

(*points L.*)

*Jim.* (*advancing*) You had better accept that offer, madam!  
*Mrs. C.* (*barking*) Go, sir!  
*Jim.* (*continued advance*) Than you refuse?  
*Mrs. C.* Yes; keep back, sir! what do you mean? (*startled*)  
*Jim.* (*seizing her by the arm*) This, madam; you will rue that decision; mark me.  
*Mrs. C.* (*struggling*) Let go! Help! help!  
*Snuff.* (*outside*) Yeou bet, yes!

SNUFF *rushing in* R., 1 E., *seizes JIM by trousers and coat collar and rushes him out* L., 1 E., *kicking him down stairs.*

Thar b'gosh; good things cum' slow, but whin they deo cum, make ther most ove' 'em. (*dances short clog*) Thet's they way we deo it up teo Turk's Run Holler, by chowder.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*Same as Act 1st., scene 1st.*—WM. MOSBY *back of bar, turning out glass of whiskey, drinks and proceeds to clean the glass.*

*Wm.* Ha, ha, ha! (*looks at watch*) Eight o'clock, 'bout time the boys were gathering in. I'll just set pen and ink handy, (*takes pen and ink from back shelf and sets on counter, L.*) so when Joe is ready, there shall be no delay on my part. Poor old fool. He undoubtedly started from home two hours ago for this place, but he generally goes to sleep along the road some where.

*Enter, JOE, R., 1 E.*

Well, well, here he is now. Hullo, Joe!

*Joe.* Hullo! Mosby. Gim'me a drink!

*Wm.* (*pouring out glass*) Here you are.

*Joe.* (*drinks*) Purty good stuff. (*offers to pay*)

*Wm.* Ha, ha, ha! Been to Cartlet's again, eh?

*Joe.* Yes (*hic.*) Ol' woman had a shawl (*hic*) she didn't want, so I took it, see?

*Wm.* I see. Ha, ha, ha! Say, Joe, have some more?

*Joe.* Would Mosby, but 'ain't got ther (*hic*) stuff.

*Wm.* Oh! that's all right, Joe. (*JOE extends money*) No, no, keep your money—(*pours glass*) drink to my health for luck, eh?

*Joe.* Here goes. Long life to Will Mosby and (*hic*) good luck.

(*drinks*)

*Wm.* Say, Joe, I have hit upon a grand scheme of getting all of my customer's autographs on a little slip I have here, (*producing letter*) and as I intend shortly to close up this place, I am going to divide the remainder of my stock among those signing this paper. Do you want to be in it?

*Joe.* I don't care if I do. Say, Mosby, you're (*hic*) gettin' mighty liberal all 'tonce. Where you goin'?

*Wm.* Well, I have not decided as yet. Here's pen and ink, if you wish to be in this deal.

*Joe.* (*taking pen, dips several times before he gets it into the bottle; MOSBY extends letter towards him, holding onto it; covering as much as possible*) Where shall I (*hic*) sign 'er?

*Wm.* (*carelessly*) Oh, anywhere, there (*pointing*) is a good place,

Joe.

*Joe. (about to sign; pausing)* I say, Mosby (hic) my hand's shakey, can't you give me a drink to steady 'em?

*Wm. (hurrying, pours glass)* Here you are. Hurry.

*Joe.* Oh! what's (hic) your hurry?

*Wm. (pretending unconcerned)* Well Joe, if you don't want to be in this deal, all right. *(takes paper)*

*Joe.* Put 'er down an' I'll (hic) sign 'er.

*Wm. (arranging paper)* Hurry then.

*Joe. (about to sign; the piece of money he has been holding, drops, and he goes for it, reeling)* Come 'ere consarn you. *(secures money, returns)* Say, William, I've gotter (hic) have 'nother drink before I can (hic) sign 'er.

*Wm. (aside)* Confound the fool. *(aloud, holding up bottle)* Say, Joe, there isn't any more here. Can't you get along without it?

*Joe.* Naw; see that. *(holds up hand, showing how it trembles)*

*Wm.* Well, I shall have to go down cellar after some more. I'll be right back. *(exit, L. behind bar, taking paper)*

*Joe. (sits L.)* Well I be (hic) hanged! Old Mosby's getting mighty liberal all at once (hic.) I don't see why he's so blamed anxious fer me (hic) to sign, as ter set 'em up so much. Ha, ha, ha! Josie; old Mosby'll set 'em up till you sign, (hic) so what's ther hurry, eh? *(he hits the pen against the wall and breaks it)* Whew! busted the pen, (hic) now I can't sign, an' I'm out. W-h-e-w!

*Enter, WM., L. E., with bottle, pours glass.*

*Wm.* Here you are, Joe, drink.

*Joe. (returns to bar)* You must (hic) want me to sign pretty bad, eh! Williams? *(drinks)*

*Wm. (angry, producing paper)* Sign if your going to, at once!

*Joe.* Ain't goin' to, Mosby.

*Wm. (loud, angry)* Not going to; thunder man, what did I set up these drinks for, say?

*Joe.* Hanged if I know, Williams. I can't sign, see!

*(holds up broken pen)*

*Wm. (walks angrily out from behind bar, up c.—aside)* The pen broken and the last one in the shanty too. Confound the idiot, what shall I do now? *(walks R. and L.)* Here's a fine opportunity and now I havn't any pen. *(JOE quietly drinks from bottle which Wm. left on bar)* A pencil wouldn't do; no, the marks would become soiled or erased. *(glances R.)* Ah! here comes Jim; I'll have him get some. *(JOE finishes and staggers to R., sits at L. of table, laying his head upon his arm and goes to sleep—MOSBY turns and sees him)* Hanged, if the drunken fool hasn't gone to sleep. *(goes back of bar)*

*Enter, JIM, R. E., clothes torn and disarranged, limps.*

*Jim.* Hullo, dad!

*Wm.* What in thunder have you been doing?

*Jim.* Me? Nothing.

*Wm.* What's the matter with your clothes, and why do you limp?

*Jim. (walks to bar, without seeing JOE)* Well, dad, I went up to Cases' mansion and found a deaf old graybeard there. I don't know whether he was a relation, a visitor or a tramp, any way he's a fool. *(attempts to pour out glass of whiskey from bottle JOE has just drunk from;*

*elevates higher and higher, until it is vertical, angry*) Why in thunder don't you keep a full bottle up, dad? I'm dry.

*Wm.* (*seizing bottle, holding up to light; amazed*) Why it was full a minute ago.

*Jim.* Ha, ha, ha! dad, you're getting crazy.

*Wm.* (*rushing at JOE*) Here's the one who emptied it. (*shaking JOE*) Wake up here!

*Joe.* (*drunk and stupid*) Nozzer drink (hic.) now; let me (hic) zleep.

*Wm.* (*slapping him, returning to bar*) The fool's drunk, let him go. Go on with your story, Jim.

*Jim.* Wou't he hear?

(*motioning at JOE*)

*Wm.* No, he's dead to the world.

*Jim.* As I was saying, this old fellow at Case's was a tough one. Just before Mrs. Case, who was out when I came in, entered, he left, saying he was going down town, but I do believe he just went outside the door and waited, for when Mrs. Case let out her yell as I seized hold of her, to enforce my proposition, that old sinner just rushed into the room as though he had been waiting for the chance, seized me with a grip that was by no means light, and rushing me across the room, just threw me with the assistance of an emphasizing kick, so that I tumbled down those stairs at a great rate. That's the reason of my present condition.

*Wm.* Ha, ha, ha! and you do look pretty too; ha, ha, ha!

*Jim.* You may laugh, but I tell you dad, it was not so funny after all.

*Wm.* Why, ha, ha, ha!

*Jim.* Mrs. Case refused my offer.

*Wm.* (*changing his manner*) The devil she did!

*Jim.* Flatly and point blank.

*Wm.* Well, I suppose we must make the best of it. There's our victim, (*pointing to JOE*) and I came near having him sign, but I believe I treated him too freely at first, confound it! (*walks from behind bar, up c.*) Then the fool broke the pen, the very last one I had too, and I was going to send you down to the store after one, but your appearance in that style knocked it completely out of my head. Jim, I believe Joe's onto the racket.

*Jim.* (*drawing WM. down L. c.*) You do! Say dad, I have a scheme.

*Wm.* What is it?

*Jim.* Why not abduct Case? Take him up to the cave, you know where, and keep him on bread and water, or less, until he signs?

*Wm.* Just the thing, and there's no better chance of getting him there than to-night. Here he is drunk; we can keep him so until about eleven—(*looks at watch*) it's past 8:30 now, and then take him up to the cave. I need a fresh supply of drinks, and we can kill two birds with one stone, by rushing it through to-night, and besides Jim, I'm mighty anxious to get that \$500,000.

(*both more towards bar*)

*Jim.* No more than I, I'm sure. (*looks off r.*) Here comes some of the boys, so I'll go to my room and change these clothes, eh! dad?

(*exit, L. E., back of bar*)

*Wm.* All right. (*arranges bottles and glasses*) I shall have to go down cellar after some more whiskey. Joe finished the last all right.

I suppose the boys can entertain themselves until I come back.

(*exit, L. E., back of bar*)

*Enter, SNUFF and CAHOON, R., 2 E.*

*Scy.* So you think you can beat me a game of pedro, do you, unele?

*Snuff.* Eh? You've gotter speak kinder loud like teo me, friend Cahoon.

*Scy. (louder)* You said you could beat me a game of pedro, and I say you can't, shall we settle it here?

*Snuff.* Oh! yes, yes. Yeou sed I could beat yeou a game ove pede an' I sed yeou could teo, an' neow yeou wanter settle—(*carelessly, turning away*) call it, let me figger; oh! say five plunkers, friend Cahoon.

*Scy. (loud)* Come, come unele, here's a table and cards. I see old Joe Case is here ahead of us, but he don't look much like playing. He can use the floor to sleep on.

(*leads JOE staggering to L., lets him down on floor*)

*Snuff. (strolling to table, examining cards)* Say, friend Cahoon, what's that 'ar kard?

(*holding up the ace of hearts*)

*Scy. (loud)* That's the ace of hearts.

*Snuff.* What will it deo?

*Scy.* If hearts were trump, it would take anything.

*Snuff.* An' friend Cahoon, what would that one deo?

(*holding up ace of clubs*)

*Scy.* If clubs were trump, that would take anything.

*Snuff.* An' here's a cupple mor' them things, what'll they deo?

*Scy.* Ace of diamonds and ace of spades will take anything played of a similar trump, unele.

*Snuff.* Then them's 'bout ther best kind ove kards teo get, be they?

*Scy.* Yes, with those in one's hand, he stands a much better show of winning at pedro.

*Snuff. (laying rest of pack on table and putting the four aces in his left coat sleeve)* Com' on then, deal 'em up. I've got 'er five here fer the fust game, unless you want teo raise it.

(*produces money*)

*Scy. (stepping forward)* But unele, you must not keep those aces in your sleeve. You can't hold them back from the game.

*Snuff. (showing how he is holding them with his left fingers)* Tain't hard teo deo it, Cahoon. See, I'll shuv' 'em into the game soon's they're needed. Shuffle up the cards.

(*sits R. of table*)

*Scy.* But unele, we must have those cards to fill out the deck.

*Snuff.* Naw, they're small an' don't fill eout much, see?

(*holds up sleeve*)

*Scy. (loud)* But we must have four aces in the deck

*Snuff. (seizing CAHOON'S left arm and pulls four aces from it)* Su:possin' we use yeour's, friend Cahoon.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—Woods, cave at L., stage dark lantern hanging at opening of cave, L.

Enter, SI JENKINS, from *acc.* L., carrying pail of whiskey.

Si. That finishes business for to-night, and mighty glad I am too. (*two short and a long whistle at L., 1 E.*) • Hullo! there's a new comer. I'll just set this pail into the cave and see who it is. (*exit, into cave*)

Enter, JIM and WM. MOSBY, L., 1 E., leading JOE CASE, securely bound, between them.

Joe. I tell you Mosby, I'll get even on this joke of yours, see if I don't. Let go of me! (*tries to struggle*)

Wm. (*throwing him to floor*) Lie there you stubborn idiot; you'll find it's no joke before I'm through with you. Will you sign now?

Joe. Never! You tried to dupe me by getting me drunk, but now I am conscious and know that you have some vile scheme on foot, and that my signature on that paper is necessary to make it a success. What your scheme is, I know not, but sign that? Never!

Jim. What's the use of argument, dad? Go and see the boys, while I watch here. Cahoon came up early and told them to be prepared.

Wm. Keep your eyes open, Jim. (*exit, R., 1 E.*)

Joe. What are you going to do with me, Jim?

Jim. Do? Ha, ha, ha! wait and you'll see. You'd better sign, Joe.

Joe. (*sitting up, looking about*) Where are we?

Enter, CAHOON, L. U. E.

Sey. Hullo! Jim, got here all right, eh?

Jim. (*comes down L.*) Oh! yes, Cahoon. Dad's just gone into the cave. How's business?

Sey. Just shut the engine down for to-night. Made a good run. Got him did you?

Jim. Joe? Oh! yes, he came along in good shape.

Enter, WM. MOSBY, followed by SI JENKINS, R., 1 E.

Wm. Here we are boys. There's your charge, old Joe Case. Si Jenkins, Seymour Cahoon, you are to keep him secure in that cave, (*points*) give him nothing to eat but salt mackerel; that will make him thirsty, and, on your lives, don't let him taste of water, but keep him near the spring, so that he can see it all the while. Do you understand?

Sey. } We do.  
Si. }

Wm. If at any time he concludes to sign this paper, (*holds out*) send for me at once. (*to JOE*) Joe Case, you have heard my orders, and I can assure you they will be carried out to the letter; do you wish to sign now?

Joe. No! I would not sign that now, were you to kill me for not doing so.

Wm. (*laughing*) I think Joseph, you'll find salt mackerel dry, to be about the finest dessert in the land, eh! boys?

*Omnes.* Yes, ha, ha, ha!

*Wm.* I shall have to go now. Cahoon, take care of Joe and follow instructions. Good-night. (*starts*) And send down the usual number to-morrow, as I am about out; you had a good run to-night, I understand?

*Sey.* Yes; and I'll see that it's there early.

*Wm.* All right, good night.

(*exit.* L., 1 E.)

*Jim.* Good-night Joe, I trust you will like your fare. Salt mackerel; ha, ha, ha!

(*exit.* L., 1 E.)

*Sey.* Come Si, let's take our charge into the cave.

*Si.* O. K.; I wish he'd send someone to help in this deal.

(*they assist JOE and exeunt.* R. U. E.)

*SNUFF* disguised as a tramp, peeks in R., 2 E., then enters.

*Snuff.* He, he, he! 'ere's a chance fer Dusty Rhodes, takin'ker of a man what's tied up so 'e can't get at me. What a snap, he, he, he! (*sits on floor and drinks from an old tomato can, which he has hung around his neck by a string*) Yum, yum, yum-m-m-m.

*Enter, CAHOON, R. U. E., stumbles over SNUFF.*

*Sey.* (*turning*) Who the devil are you, sir?

*Snuff.* (*composedly*) Yum-m-m-m.

*Sey.* Say you, what are you doing here?

*Snuff.* (*looking*) Hullo, boss! Say, that's good stuff you critters er makin'. Have some. (*extends can*)

*Sey.* Who are you? Answer my question.

*Snuff.* Who be I? Well boss, you seem to be sort 'er hurried and—

*Sey.* Answer my question.

*Snuff.* Well, as I was about to say, (*rising, goes towards front*) if your inquisitiveness hadn't been so mightily rushin,' my name is—according to tradition and my parental presentation gift—it is—full and complete, I suppose you want it—nothing else than—according to the family record, kept in our old green covered bible, recorded by my venerable sire and a precious treasure to your humble visitor, Mr. J. Cadwell Dusty Rhodes, commonly called Dusty Rhodes for short, see! He, he, he! (*bows low*)

*Sey.* Your a cad.

*Snuff.* No, it's Cad-well, but I'd rather you'd call me Dusty Rhodes, it's so familiar with my occupation.

*Sey.* (*walks down L.*) And what is your occupation?

*Snuff.* Traveling, principally. Was engaged by Rest and Doolittle, but they refused to pay my price, so I quit them, see! He, he, he!

(*drinks from can*)

*Sey.* (*walks to R., aside*) He's some tramp. Si want's some help, as I must go down to Mosby's with his last order, I'll see if I can get this fellow to help here. (*to SNUFF*) Say, Rhodes, supposing you had an offer to work, would you do it? (*SNUFF hastily peeks about*) Well, what are you looking for?

*Snuff.* (*up at R.*) Any wood piles?

*Sey.* No.

*Snuff.* Any dogs?

*Sey.* No.

*Snuff.* Any women?

*Sey.* No.

*Snuff.* (relieved) Thank heaven, I'll hire out.

*Sey.* What's your reference?

*Snuff.* Reference?

*Sey.* Yes.

*Snuff.* Don't my facial countenance express my inflexible honesty and urgent willingness to work?

*Sey.* Perhaps. Where do you hail from?

*Snuff.* Windy Holler, Vt.

*Sey.* What did you leave Windy Hollow for?

*Snuff.* Couldn't fetch it with me, he, he, he!

*Sey.* Don't go playing those—

*Snuff.* Say boss, I left last spring, but I didn't leave alone.

*Sey.* What's that; did the constable leave after you, eh? Ha, ha, ha!

*Snuff.* Naw; 'twasn't that.

*Sey.* Not that? The sheriff then?

*Snuff.* No, you see as how it was; spring, all the trees had to leave too. He, he, he!

*Sey.* Enough; I'll hire you, but don't say anything to Si about those trees and me, will you?

*Snuff.* Nix. Where's this Si you're telling about?

*Sey.* Oh! yes, I'll call him. (goes to R. U. E. and whistles)

*Snuff.* It must be a dorg.

*Sey.* (returning) Here he comes.

*Snuff.* Oh, Lord! (trying to hide)

*Sey.* Here, here! what are you up to now?

*Snuff.* I don't want to see the dorg.

*Sey.* What dog?

*Snuff.* The dorg, Si. I don't, I—

*Sey.* He isn't a dog.

*Snuff.* (coming down R. C.) Thought you whistled fer a dorg.

*Sey.* That's a signal.

*Snuff.* Signal, eh? Ah, o-o!

*Enter, SI PERKINS, R. U. E.*

*Sey.* Here Si, is Mr. Dusty Rhodes, who I think will make a good assistant to take care of Joe and feed him the salt mackerel. Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Si Jenkins. (shake hands, JENKINS winces under SNUFF'S grip) What's the matter, Si?

*Si.* (to SNUFF) Say, Rhodes, (wringing hand) where in thunder did you get that grip?

*Snuff.* Oh! that, eh? He, he, he! Why, that I caught up to the Holler. You see we people up there called it the lagrippe. I caught it fust in the head, but the doc' gave me something and it went ker-biff, a chasin' up and down like a jumpin jack, and finally settled in my gripper. (opens and closes hand.)

*Si.* I should say it had.

*Sey.* Now boys, get acquainted; Si get Dusty a change of clothes, something a little more modern, and instruct him in his regular duties. (starts L.)

*Snuff.* (looking scared) Say, boss,

*Sey.* Well?

*Snuff.* Have I got ter work?

*Sey.* Nothing hard; not manual labor; spiritual labor, eh! Si?

*Si.* That's all.

(SEYMOUR starts L.)

*Snuff.* (scared) B-b-b-but say b-boss, I d-d-don't b-b-believe in s-s-spirits. H-h-h-hanged if I do.

*Sey.* (laughing) I should say you didn't, the way you was after them when I came out here.

*Snuff.* (relieved) Oh! them kind of spirits? Say boss, (eager) I'm engaged, put me to work.

*Sey.* There will be no work until to-morrow night, but there is spirits enough in the cave, if you want any.

*Snuff.* (seizing Si by arm, going up R.) Come on Si, I do.

*Sey.* (following, stops up R.) Say boys, remember and obey the Capt's orders. I shall be back to-morrow, during the afternoon.

*Snuff.* } All right, good-night.

(exit, R. U. E.)

*Sey.* (coming down L.) I must go down and fill the Capt's last order. I would like to understand the scheme they have in bringing old Joe Case up here, he surely hasn't anything to loose, and how can they gain anything? A mystery. Will let it remain a mystery as long as Seymour Cahoon, a moonshiner and gambler, gets his extra thousand by the deal.

(exit, L., 1 E.)

## CURTAIN.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Room in Cave—table R. c., chairs L. c., up at R. and L., barrels up at L. of stage.

Enter, WM. MOSBY and SI JENKINS, L., 1 E.

*Wm.* (taking off hat) So Joe has decided to sign, has he? Ha, ha ha! I thought he would get tired of salt mackerel. (draws chair fr. L. c. to L. of table, puts hat on table) Go, bring him in, Si.

*Si.* Yes, sir!

(starts L., 2 E.)

*Wm.* Si.

*Si.* (turns) Sir!

*Wm.* Have you any pens up here?

*Si.* Yes, sir!

*Wm.* Bring one out.

*Si.* All right, sir!

(starts

*Wm.* Si.

*Si.* (turns) Well?

*Wm.* Bring out some ink too.

*Si.* Yes, sir!

(starts

*Wm.* And Si?

*Si.* (turns) What is it?

*Wm.* Is Cahoon in the cave?

*Si.* He is.

*Wm.* Tell him to come out.

*Si.* Very well, sir!

(starts

*Wm.* Si. Hang it, stop!

*Si.* Yes, sir!

(stops

Wm. You have had a new hand to help you the last few days, have you not?

Si. We have.

Wm. How does he get along?

Si. Elegant, sir!

Wm. Bring him out, too.

Si. All right.

(starts

Wm. And Si; confound it, why don't you wait until I say go?

Si. I will, sir!

(stops up c.

Wm. (without looking at him, takes the letter from pocket) Don't forget to bring in something to drink. I'm dry after my long walk.

(begins to read letter

Si. Yes, sir!

(stands still

Wm. (aside) Yes, this is all right. If I can get Joe to sign here, it'll be all O. K., \$500,000; w-h-e-w! but won't Jim and I have a gay time spending it? I do believe I'd give old Joe, the poor old drunkard, two or three hundred dollars, just to show my liberality. Mary Case is a first-class woman, too good by far, for old Joe, and perhaps a couple of hundred would not be out of place to her. I wish Si would hustle those fellows; what makes him so slow; I'll dismiss him. I'll have to go and get them myself, he's so—(rises, sees Si) W-w-what the devil you doing there, say?

(puts letter on table

Si. Waiting for you to tell me to go, sir! You told me too.

Wm. Fool! Go! go! fly, or I'll help you! Will you get?

Si. (skipping out L. U. E.) Y-y-you b-b-bet!

WM. comes down L. C.—as his back is turned towards table, SNUFF enters, R., 2 E., changes letter for the one WM. has left on the table and exits, same.

Wm. Hang it! These blamed, blundering, ignorant idiots will spoil everything. This is a—

Enter. SI., L., 2 E., supporting JOE, whose face and hands are white and drawn, trembles—CAHOON follows with pen, ink and drink.

Si. Here he is boss, a week on salt mackerel has somewhat changed his appearance.

Wm. (turning) Oh! you've returned, have you? Well Joe, how do you feel?

(goes to table

Joe. (faintly) Oh, heavens! Mosby, why do you treat me this way?

Wm. Just because you refused to sign this paper. (takes letter, but does not read it) Are you ready to sign now?

Joe. Do I have my liberty, if I do?

Wm. Not just now, but you will have good fare and everything comfortable until you are released. Sign?

Joe. Yes, yes! Though I do not understand it. I cannot live longer under this treatment. Think of my poor wife? Oh! heaven, help me.

(sits L. of table

Wm. Your wife is all right. Perhaps much better than if she had a drunken brute of a husband to look after. Come, sign.

Joe. (fiercely) Who made her husband a brute, Will Mosby? Who ruined a once pleasant home? Ah! too well you know. Too

often have you heard my hard earned dollars rattle into your coffers, to forget what misery, ruin and degradation that purchase money bought. That was years ago. Now I am old Joe Case, drunkard and inebriate, respected by none, but cursed and despised by all, excepting, perhaps, my dear wife, who has remained so true to me. Now William Mosby, you have some scheme on foot and I am to be your tool. Were it not for the opportunity of again seeing my wife, I would end my misery here and foil as far as I am able, your plot.

*Wm.* Don't get sentimental. You say I ruined your home. Joseph Case, you are a drunkard, you were designed to be one.

*Joe.* Will Mosby, when the tempter creeps softly, noiselessly, closer, closer—ah! I see them now, there, there o-o-oh! Take them, take them away. Oh! heaven, spare me this! (*calmly*) Yes, I'll sign the paper, but from this hour, Joe Case is not the despised drunkard, not the willing servant of satan, but with the help of God, a reformed man. (*CAHOON arranges ink and pen, folds paper and allows room for signing*) May I not read it, Mosby?

*Wm.* No; sign. Your neat temperance speech seemed to deaden the boys, it was very appropriate, surely. Where is that tramp you picked up, Cahoon? (*JOE signs paper*)

*Seq.* He went out Capt., said he was going a hunting.

*Wm.* Are you sure he is O. K.?

*Seq.* Perfectly. He can put down more spirits in a given time, without getting any the worst for it, than any man I ever saw.

*Wm.* Well, make him work, to pay for it, then. (*to JOE taking letter*) That's first rate, Joe. (*to MEN*) Take him back to the cave boys, and treat him loyally, remember.

*Seq.* } We will.

(*exit, L. U. E., supporting JOE*)

*Wm.* Well done, well done. Now for the money. Jim will have everything his own way. (*walks musingly down L., collides with SNUFF, who is backing rapidly in, looking up L. front, as though looking in tops of trees—SNUFF jumps, has an old musket*) Confound it man, who are you and what are you doing here? Speak!

*Snuff.* Who be I, and what am I doing here, eh? Well, Capt., I was the great I am, but since friend Si fitted me out in these new togs, I don't exactly know who I am, do you? (*rests musket at L.*)

*Wm.* No I don't. Do you know you're on dangerous ground about here?

*Snuff.* (*stepping carefully about*) W-w-where—w-w-what's the matter of it?

*Wm.* If you're seen about here in fifteen seconds, I'll shoot you. (*levels revolver at him*) Git!

*Snuff.* (*rapidly*) But say Capt., I belong up here. I'm—I'm—J. Cadwell Dusty Rhodes, you're the Capt., and you must be careful how you fire that gun, cause why! (*slower*) cause there's one bearing ont'er you right back there. (*points R., 2 E.—as WM. turns, SNUFF seizes his hand and wrenches his revolver away*) Asking your pardon, boss, but it's over here now.

*Wm.* Oh! well, if you're the one Cahoon hired to work up here, you are all right. Put down that gun, I'm in a hurry. (*starts L.*)

*Snuff.* There's no hurry, Capt. Stop!

*Wm.* (*stops*) But sir! I say there is. (*angrily*) Get out of my way.

*Snuff.* (*whistles twice*) Stand still.

*Wm.* (*startled*) What means that signal. Speak man, are you a spy?

*Snuff.* Spy, no sir! I'm J. Cadwell Dusty Rhodes.

*Enter, DETECTIVES, R., 1 E. and 2 E.*

Take care of him, boys.

(*DETECTIVES go to R. and L. of WM. and seize him*)

*Wm.* (*struggling*) Treason! (*shouts*) Cahoon! Si! A spy! help!

*Snuff.* Hold him boys, that's it. There's no use of that Mosby, your partners were taken as soon as they entered the cave. These men never fail. Bind him, boys. (*SNUFF goes to chair L. of table*) Here boys, fasten him into this. (*DETECTIVES fasten him, WM. all the time struggling*) Now bring in the others and finish things out there. (*exit, DETECTIVES, L. U. E.*) Well Mosby, how do you like your new situation? Is it worth \$500,000, eh? Ha, ha, ha!

*Wm.* You are carrying this joke too far, Rhodes. Let me loose.

*Snuff.* Joke! Ha, ha, ha! Yes, it's a joke, as you'll find out before long.

*Wm.* (*startled*) Why sir! what do you mean?

*Snuff.* It means, friend Mosby, that you are in the hands of Uncle Sam.

*Wm.* What is the charge, sir?

*Snuff.* Moonshining.

*Wm.* And who makes the charge.

*Enter, JOE, free, followed by CAHOON and SI, bound, led by DETECTIVES, L. U. E.*

*Snuff.* Who makes the charge? (*DETECTIVES and SNUFF laugh heartily*) Who makes the charge? It's me! me! J. Cadwell Dusty Rhodes; alias, Ol' Williams, of Turks Run Holler, b'chowder; alias, the messenger who delivered that letter to you for Mr. Joseph Case, when he was too drunk to receive it, and alias, Walthmore Felander Snuff, Snuffville, Connecticut, agent for Burner & Co., latest production entitled, "Jimmie Jones among the Mormans, or a Detective's search for a wife," and on which I, as the Yankee book agent, made twenty dollars on subscriptions, b'gosh.

(*DETECTIVES both laugh—a bright light flares up at L. U. E., explosions, etc.*)

*Wm.* (*startled*) Heavens, what does that mean? (*to SNUFF*) What is all that light and noise? Speak!

*Snuff.* William Mosby, that's your still, machines, barrels of whiskey, etc., in the mighty tight grip of the demon, called fire.

*Wm.* (*in despair*) Then everything is lost.

*Snuff.* Mighty sartin.

### CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*Same as Act 2nd., scene 1st.*—*MRS. CASE seated at R. of table, SARAH with bandage around head, at L. of table—chair at R., MRS. CASE sewing, SARAH reading.*

*Mrs. C.* I shall be through in a moment, Sarah, and then I will help you with your reading. Mr. Brown, the tailor, said I must have this coat mended by ten o'clock, and I am nearly done now, although it cannot be past nine yet.

*Sarah.* I'm tired mamma, I shall not read longer, as my head begins to ache again.

*Mrs. C.* Poor girl, how nobly you have borne the suffering. (*aside*) I wonder where my poor husband is; he has not been seen or heard of by anyone for over a week.

*Sarah.* Mother, why do you talk so much to yourself of late? Have we not fared much better during father's absence than while he was here?

*Mrs. C.* Yes, child, our neighbors have been very kind indeed, but you must not speak slightingly of your father, Sarah.

*Sarah.* I did not mean to mamma, but I dread his home coming and the misery it will bring.

*Mrs. C.* (*aside*) She speaks like a woman. (*aloud*) Sarah, have you seen the stranger who calls himself uncle William, recently?

*Sarah.* No mamma. Isn't he queer? Ever since I could sit up he would hold me on his knee and keep me laughing at the stories he would tell. What makes him pretend he is deaf when ever a stranger comes near?

*Mrs. C.* I do not know. I think he comes here with a purpose. (*aside*) Too deep for us.

*Sarah.* (*going to window*) Oh! mamma, here he comes now.

*Mrs. C.* You may go to meet him if you wish.

*Sarah.* No, he is on the steps now. (*goes to L., 1 E.*) Here he is!

*Enter, SNUFF, L., 1 E.*

*Snuff.* Hullo, tot! How's the head? (*kisses her*)

*Snuff.* Better, Uncle. Almost well.

*Snuff.* That's good. (*leads her to chair*) Good morning, Mrs. Case.

*Mrs. C.* Good morning. (*anxiously*) Any news of Joe?

(*SARAH takes his hat to table*)

*Snuff.* Well, Miss Sarah, how would you like to go out for a short ride?

*Sarah.* Oh! very much; may I mother?

*Mrs. C.* (*as SNUFF motions*) If you wish, my dear.

*Snuff.* I have a carriage at the corner awaiting you. The one in charge has his orders, and you must try to enjoy yourself immensely. tot.

*Sarah.* (*pouting*) I thought you was going with me, Uncle?

*Snuff.* No, I have something to say to your mother.

*Sarah.* And you don't want me here. (*gayly*) Very well, Uncle, I'll go.

*SARAH gets hat R. U. E., MRS. CASE arranges her dress, removes bandage and kisses her.*

*Snuff.* The coachman will have you back just in time, so that you will enjoy yourself. (*SARAH kisses her mother and SNUFF*)

*Sarah.* Good-bye. (*exit, L., 1 E.*)

*Snuff.* }  
*Mrs. C.* } Good-bye.

*Mrs. C.* (*throwing work on table*) There, the last stitch is done.

*Snuff.* Mrs. Case, prepare yourself to hear good news.

*Mrs. C.* Please, do not keep me in suspense, when my heart is

aching for news of Joe.

*Snuff.* I shall begin at the first and then you will better understand my meaning. About one year ago a report was made by the government officials, that immense quantities of liquors were being manufactured somewhere in this section of the country. After months of patient waiting and watching, three small stills were located and seized. I had been put in charge of the case, and after looking around for some time, I had reason to believe one, Wm. Mosby and his son Jim, were connected with it in some way. About two weeks ago, I was called hurriedly to New York, and while there, I saw an advertisement of the law firm of Brown, Clark & Co., in which they requested information in regards to a person by the name of Joseph Case. The name sounded familiar, and on reflection I located him as a drunken vagabond—pardon the title, I shall change it soon—who hung around Mosby's. Reporting at their office, I obtained the appointment as messenger to come here and interview him. Here is the letter. (*produces letter and hands to her*) Read it please.

*Mrs. C. (takes letter, reads)* "New York, Sept 1st. JOSEPH CASE, Esq. My dear sir:—We beg to inform you, that your father, Rufus Case, died on the 20th inst., at his home in London, England. By his will, sent to us for execution, by our partners in London, he leaves to you the sum of five hundred (\$500) dollars." (*laying down letter*) What! Joe worth \$500, it seems impossible. (*reads*) "Further particulars will be given to you upon your arrival. You are to bring this message, signed with your full name, or you will be obliged to write from dictation here, as this is one of our means of identifying you. Our special messenger delivers this to you, and an immediate reply is requested. Very truly yours, Brown, Clark & Co., Attorneys-at-law." (*to SNUFF*) Really uncle, this is too good to be true, \$500 a small fortune to us.

*Snuff.* Now I will resume my story. Knowing that Joe was at Mosby's must of the time and believing Mosby to be a scoundrel, I conceived the idea of gaining some important news for the government. Five hundred dollars would be no object for Mosby to exert himself for, so I simply annexed the word hundred between five and thousand—in that place, see? (*points on letter*) and suffixed three ciphers after the \$500 in figures—there, (*points*) and I had it \$500,000. As a messenger, I delivered this to Mosby, of course, awaiting a fitting opportunity when Joe was too drunk to receive it. As a book agent, I spied upon Mosby and guarded Joe, informing him not to sign the letter, but giving no hint as to what it was about. This he did and Mosby resorted to extreme measures, that is, abduction and confinement.

*Mrs. C. (startled)* Oh! my poor Joe, weakened by their vile liquor, he must surely have been an apt tool for the plotters?

*Snuff.* He would not sign though, and then my scheme matured; they took him a prisoner to the hills. I followed and was led to their den. Disguised as a tramp I gained work at the place. Last night my special detectives arrived and we captured the entire crowd, excepting Jim Mosby, whom we left under guard at their saloon. All are now in jail, under a strong guard.

*Mrs. C. (startled)* But Joe—

*Snuff. (taps table thrice)* Is here to speak for himself,

*Enter, JOE, L., 1 E.*

*Mrs. C. (springing forward) Joe!*

*Joe. (catching her in his arms) Mary!*

*Exit, SNUFF, L., 1 E., quietly---JOE leads MRS. CASE to chair, R. of table, sits.*

*Mrs. C. Oh! Joe, how white you look.*

*Joe. Yes, Mary, my diet has been much the same the past week, and it left some traces.*

*Mrs. C. Surely those villains did not starve you, Joe?*

*Joe. Oh! no. no. Plenty to eat.*

*Mrs. C. Of what, Joe?*

*Joe. Salt mackerel, dry.*

*Mrs. C. The wretches!*

*Joe. I feel much stronger now. Where is Sarah?*

*Mrs. C. She went out for a short drive under the charge of our detective friend.*

*Joe. And a better friend one does not need. Ah! I hear someone coming.*

*Mrs. C. (going towards L., 1 E.) Sarah!*

*Enter, SARAH, L., 1 E.*

Your father is here.

*Sarah. (frightened) Oh! let me hide, quick!*

*(pulls MRS. CASE towards C.*

*Enter, SNUFF, L., 1 E., goes back to L. C. as the book agent, with book.*

*Joe. (advancing) No danger pet. Don't be afraid of me now. I am a drunkard no longer.*

*Mrs. C. (eagerly) Oh! Joe, is it true?*

*Joe. Every word; heaven helping me, I have drank my last drop of intoxicating liquors.*

*Mrs. C. God be praised and grant it may be true.*

*Sarah. Oh! papa, may I kiss you for that promise? (timidly*

*Joe. (kneels) Yes, my little pet, come.*

*Sarah. (rushing to his arms, kisses, nestles close) I am so happy; mamma, come, he is my papa now.*

*Mrs. C. (kneels at L., head on his shoulder) And my husband, to love, to honor and obey.*

*Joe. May heaven bless this united and happy family.*

*Snuff. (opens book before him) And grant to your humble servant that he may get three subscriptions to the greatest book on earth at five dollars per copy.*

CURTAIN.

THE END.

# ↔ My Pard; ↔

—OR.—

## The Fairy of The Tunnel.

A. Western Drama in 4 acts, by Len Ware, for 6 male, 5 female characters. Time of playing, 2 hours.

### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Mrs. Divine—Katie, the Irish servant girl—Lucky Bill and Katie—"Squire, and he's no gentleman"—Lawyer Smart arrives, to give Charley Divine papers and instructions, how to find the lost heiress—Unexpected arrival of Charley, half drunk—Lost \$500 on the eagle—"You're a drunken fool! Charley, you will break your mother's heart"—"I'll reform"—"Here are the papers, now you must go"—Lucky Bill a scoundrel—Charley places papers on table and greets his mother—Lucky Bill changes papers and pockets those belonging to Charley—"If you have any trouble, Katie will come and identify the lost heiress"—The farewell—"Mother, I'll find my father, or his grave"—Lucky Bill triumphant.

ACT II.—A mining town in the Sierras—Santa Anna's saloon—Lucky Bill and others at table—Carrots and the squirrel—Santa Anna and Carrots—"Don't kill the girl!"—Col Billy interferes—"Total wreck! total wreck!"—My Pard and Col Billy—Pard's story of the blue eyed baby—Charley arrives, surprising Lucky Bill—A game of bluff—Bill shows his hand and tells Charley that Belle is the heiress, and she is to be his wife—Charley warns Belle, and makes an enemy of Bill, but gains the friendship of Carrots and My Pard—Pard and Charley become partners in the tunnel—"We'll strike it rich some day, there's gold there, I've been here since '49, and orter know"—The stolen papers—"Lucky Bill, you are not only a gambler, but a thief! you have stolen my papers"—"Have a care tenderfoot, nothing would suit me better, than to draw this knife across your throat!"—Carrots and My Pard interfere—"I'd like to put a head on him!"—"Drop'er stranger, drop'er."

ACT III.—Lucky Bill communes with himself—Carrots and Lucky Bill—"What are you doing in My Pard's door-yard?"—Col Billy on the scene—Banished by the vigilants, total wreck! total wreck!"—Carrot's song—Charley gives Carrots paper to keep—"Keep the secret, I love you Carrots"—Pard and Carrots—"Charley kissed me Pard; tell me Pard, did you ever love anyone?"—Pard's story of the blue eyed baby in the cradle and the wife that is waiting for him—A sad, sad story—The Christmas dinner—"Nothing but coon, coon straight, once a year you require coon; I've been here since '49, I orter know"—"Of course he orter know, he's always right, I know what coon is—why—well coon is coon"—Pard's poverty, no credit—Carrot steals bread of Santa Anna—Charley tells My Pard how he fought Lucky Bill in the tunnel and got the paper back—"O! Charley, the vigilants, give me the paper, they won't hurt an old man like me"—Charley's Christmas song—Pard discovers in Charley his blue-eyed baby, before he can tell him, the vigilants are upon them—Arrest of Charley—Pard tells them that Charley is innocent, that it was himself that stole the paper—Arrest of My Pard.

ACT IV.—The trial of My Pard—Charley's errand to the tunnel—Arrival of Lawyer Smart—Col Billy's oath—That yaller dog—The penalty is death—Carrots pleads for My Pard—Lawyer as a witness—"Never lost a case or made a mistake in my life"—Katie swears he is no lawyer—Smart regains the stolen papers—Lucky Bill accused—"Save me from the vigilants"—Charley finds a father and a sweetheart—Katie's song—surprise of Carrots, who joins in the chorus—"Carrots, the lost heiress is found"—Gold in the tunnel—"Struck it rich at last, I knew we would, been here since '49, I orter know"—"Carrots, I hope you will always keep a place in your heart for 'My Pard'." Price 25c.

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**SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.**

ACT I. *Scene I.*—Russell Freeman's home—The day's events reviewed—The reporter in luck—A brave rescue—"Juicy watermillions"—The Aristocratic gent arrives—That awful disease love, afflicts Sambo—Caleb overhears a little private conversation—A strike imminent—Sharp begins his scheming—Caleb up to snuff—"I'm an aristocrat, one of the 400!" *Scene II.*—Caleb soliloquizes—"I am Paradise Lost!"—A heated interview between Golden and Sharp—The demand refused—Tar and feathers—The aristocrat on deck—The verdict—"No cause of action!"—Caleb introduces his celebrated court plaster.

ACT II.—Caleb writes a letter—The Reporter discusses the strike and "Sound Money"—"Knocks counterfeit silly"—Caleb's views of the strike—A dark discussion, in which Dinah is badly misused—The false friend—"My day will come, sir!"—Caleb Cork—"Oh! I'm onto you!"—Sambo secures his attachment papers—The false friend in a new role—Golden discharged from the mill—Sharp triumphant, and Caleb sells more court plaster.

ACT III. *Scene I.*—Wood scene—Guy prepares to leave, visions of the past—The Aristocrat again on hand—"Turn back, my lad"—Dinah gains a point, and Sambo nearly loses his ear—The striker's face starvation—Sharp in the toils—The trap sprung. *Scene II.*—Freeman's home—Colored courtship—Caleb Cork as a peace maker—Golden's story—Warren Sharp in the hands of the strikers—David tell a story, Caleb follows suit—The day of reckoning—Warren Sharp leaves in disgrace—The Reporter puzzled—Guy is reinstated at the mill—Caleb presents the reporter of the Daily Grit with one of his double jointed, double action, stick tight court plasters.

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—OR—

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### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Mike Dou's saloon in New Orleans—Taggs and the Frenchman—A game of solitaire—Hannah, Taggs and the kitten—Mike Doud's little drudge—"I'm only Taggs, the Waif"—Taggs and Raldy—Seth Mulberry in Doud's saloon—Mulberry and Taggs—"Would you like a little gal like me?"—"I'll be your Uncle Seth"—The marriage certificate—Jeff Dupree—"Oh! Helene, Helene, my child"—A plan to secure Mulberry's money—A little story—Frenchy attempts to stab Mulberry—Frustrated—Hurrah! for Uncle Seth.

ACT II.—Bijou Darrington, the Adventures, and Jeff Dupree—"I'm dead broke"—The compact—Taggs and Bijou—"Razzle, dazzle"—Home of Uncle Seth, at Mulberry Flats—Taggs's supper—"Lasses and bread and bread and lasses"—Uncle Seth and Taggs—The lesson—The story of Adam and Eve—Jeff Dupree, Taggs recognizes him—A price offered for the farm—"The Apostle Paul said"—Bijou Darrington's offer—Taggs's version of "Jack and Jill"—"Lasses and bread"—"I don't like you"—Rats! rats!—Jeff Dupree—"Luck at last"—"Then, I'm only Taggs, the Waif"—Taggs tells how she came to be at Mulberry Farm—"There is something crooked, you want to cheat my Uncle Seth"—Helene, Jeff Dupree's discarded wife and Seth Mulberry's daughter—At the Grand View Hotel—Meeting of Helene and Dupree—"You are not my wife"—"Oh! God, deceived! disgrace! dishonored!"

ACT III.—Uncle Seth and Taggs at the Grand View Hotel—Taggs astonished at the fine furniture—Helene poses as a statue—Taggs, the clock and the boy—The song—Bijou and Dupree—Papers to be signed for the sale of the farm—The warning voice—"I'll not sign"—Helene drops disguise—"Father!"

ACT IV.—Seth's soliloquy—The wrecked South—Uncle Seth tells Taggs of his family—"Uncle Seth, I'll be your little incandescent"—Jeff Dupree foiled—"The government has bought my farm"—The quarrel—"Don't dare touch him, 'cos he's my Uncle Seth."

ACT V.—Dupree and Bijou—"I am penniless"—We are found out and must leave to-night"—The French detective on Bijou Darrington's trail, plays the part of telegraph operator—Uncle Seth and Taggs at telegraph office, waiting for the midnight train—The wreck—"My God! my child"—"Saved, father, I did not go to New Orleans"—Meeting of husband and wife—Doud dead—"You have no proof"—The lost marriage certificate turns up—Attempt to stab Uncle Seth—Taggs throws herself before him and receive her death wound—Arrest of Bijou—Helene and her father re-united.

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# The Widow McGinty.

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A Musical Farce Comedy in 3 acts, by Edmond Brussels,  
for 5 male and 4 female characters. Time  
of playing, 2 hours.

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— SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS. —

ACT I.—Bleeker Street, N. Y.—Widow McGinty's boarding house—Rosie McGinty and Mikey Scotcheimer, the dutch dude—A love scene interrupted by the widow—"Poor Dan! he met his fate at the bottom of the sea"—Barnstorm Walker, the "trajudian"—"Two beers, or not two beers"—"You'll want to be dancing the Koutche, Koutche next!"—Widow's sensitive organic receives a shock—sad eventation—The dam-e-night—Barney Muldoon meets with a mishap and becomes one of Widow McGinty's boarders—the serenaders annoy Barney—An elopement, in which Snowball takes a part—Encounter between Muldoon and O'Hooligan, a suitor of the widow—Barney proposes—A fortune left the Widow McGinty.

ACT II.—Widow McGinty's home on Fifth Avenue—Snowball head walter—Katie and Mary Ellen—Widow gives a party—All of the widow's boarder's invited—Muldoon plays a trick on O'Hooligan—Snowball, a friend in need—A little "tragedy" between Barnstorm Walker and Katie, in which Barnhardt isn't in it—O'Hooligan appears and Muldoon disappears—Snowball discovers Muldoon sleeping off the effect of the Champagne—A joke on Muldoon—"We'll make a sign board of his face"—Is awakened by Katie and discovers his condition—accuses O'Hooligan—A regular Irish fight, in which Muldoon is victorious.

ACT III.—The picnic at Coney Island—Widow McGinty's party arrives, she hears of the duel—A ride on the Merry-go-round—Mikey and Rosie plot against the Widow and Muldoon—Interview between the Widow and Muldoon, in which it is made unpleasant by limburger cheese, which has been put in Muldoon's pocket—"I'll kill that Dutchman—The claret lemonade—The Widow is convinced of Muldoon's villainy, and accepts the proposal of O'Hooligan—"May the devil take ye"—A little plot of Katie's—The bogus letter, which informs the Widow, that her money is lost through a bank failure—In despair the Widow turns to O'Hooligan, her accepted suitor—Without a fortune O'Hooligan has no use for the Widow and her three daughters—"Your only hope, Mrs. McGinty, is your old boarding house"—Muldoon proves himself a true lover and proposes to the Widow—"I loved ye while ye were poor, and I love ye now"—Katie explains that the letter was a hoax to discover O'Hooligan's true sentiment—O'Hooligan is left in the soup, as the Widow accepts Muldoon—"May you never regret the day you met Dan McGinty's Widow." Price 15cts.

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## Gettin' 'Sperience in a Doctor's Office.

Ethiopean farce in 1 act, by B. F. Eberhart, for 4 male  
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195	Poor Pilicody.....	2	3	65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	1
159	Quiet Family.....	4	4	15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3	172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
180	Ripples.....	2	0	98	Black Statue.....	4	2
267	Room 44.....	2	0	22	Colored Senators.....	3	0
309	Santa Claus' Daughter.....	5	4	214	Chops.....	3	0
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138	Sewing Circle of Period.....	0	5	190	Cripps Trip.....	5	0
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241	Struck by Lightning.....	2	2	24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
270	Slick and Skinner.....	5	0	236	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0
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339	Two Gentlemen in a Fix.....	2	2	77	Joe's Vis't.....	2	1
137	Taking the Census.....	1	1	88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
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252	That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3	3	128	Musical Darkey.....	2	0
315	That Rascal Pat.....	3	2	90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
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33	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2	244	Old Clothes.....	3	0
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167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2	150	Old Pompey.....	1	1
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				198	Uncle Jeff.....	5	2
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				206	Villkens and Dinah.....	4	1
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